

SCOOBY-DOO AND GUESS WHO?

"JAZZ MANIA DEVIL"

Jinkies! It's Martin Freeman!

Written by

Bradford N. Smith

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scoobydooquy.smith@gmail.com



COLD OPEN

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

TOURISTS hoot and holler as a lively bunch of JAZZ MUSICIANS parade through the streets. Banners proclaim: NEW ORLEANS JAZZ FESTIVAL

On a balcony, Dani [see: Dolly Parton episode, "Ghost of Many Colors"], enjoys a plate of beignets as she writes some lyrics. When the music suddenly comes to a crashing halt and somebody screams, she hurriedly leans over the balcony.

DANI

Oh no...

Chasing people through the streets, the NEW ORLEANS DEVIL, a red, horned, *13 Ghosts of Scooby-Doo* type demon, plays a trumpet.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. MYSTERY MACHINE - DRIVING - DAY

MARTIN FREEMAN sits up front with Fred and Daphne.

MARTIN

I really appreciate the lift to the
New Orleans Jazz Festival, kids.

FRED

Of course --

Everybody leans up close to Martin.

GANG

Award-winning English actor and
music compilation album compiler,
Martin Freeman.

DAPHNE

It's our pleasure.

MARTIN

You're not going to keep doing
that, are you?

They sheepishly ignore him.

FRED

Would you look at that, gang?

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NEW ORLEANS - CONTINUOUS

The Mystery Machine rolls up the deserted street.

VELMA

This is the French Quarter, New
Orleans' oldest neighborhood.

SHAGGY

Like, looks like all the neighbors
moved out.

MARTIN

It does seem a bit vacant.

DAPHNE

Where is everyone?

FRED

I think somebody's in there.

Fred points at a figure inside a club.

INT. LULU'S - MOMENTS LATER

Martin and the gang enter the twenties-styled club. A man with his back to them, plays a saxophone on stage.

MARTIN

Excuse us?

Martin taps the man on the shoulder and he turns, revealing himself to be KAMASI WASHINGTON.

KAMASI

Martin?

MARTIN

Award-winning American jazz saxophonist, Kamasi Washington? [TO GANG] All right, I see the appeal of that.

KAMASI

If you're here for the Jazz Festival, I have some bad news...

DAPHNE

They didn't cancel it, did they?

KAMASI

Worse. The Mayor's "modernizing" it and the New Orleans Devil's scaring folks away from this part of town.

SHAGGY

Like [GULPS] did you say d-d-devil?

KAMASI

I did. He's red, has two horns poking out of his head, and is one of the best trumpet players I've ever heard.

VELMA

Jinkies. Sounds like a mystery that needs to be solved.

MARTIN

Velma, I appreciate the confidence, but I only played --

FRED
 Sorry, Mr. Freeman, but I think she
 meant us.

REVEAL: "Hero shot" of Mystery, Incorporated in their classic
 lineup pose.

SCOOBY
 Scooby-Dooby-Do!

MARTIN
 I -- uh -- what?

FRED
 We solve mysteries all the time.

DAPHNE
 It's kinda what we're best known
 for.

KAMASI
 That's great! [THEN] I heard that
 devil disappeared somewhere near
 Jackson Square. Maybe that'll be a
 good place to start.

FRED
 Perfect. Let's go, gang!

MARTIN
 I'll come along too, I suppose. You
 are my ride.

SHAGGY
 Is nobody gonna ask if Scoob and I
 want to grab something to eat while
 we're here...?

The gang's already left Shaggy and Scooby alone in the club.

SCOOBY
 Guess not.

EXT. JACKSON SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

A small concert stage has been set up, surrounded by tents
 with VENDORS selling a variety of kitschy merchandise and
 foods. Unlike the street, this area is abuzz with TOURISTS.

VELMA
 This isn't what I was expecting.

DAPHNE

There's so many people here.

Martin looks at some trinkets.

MARTIN

This is a tourist trap! It's a shame they aren't up the street for the authentic Jazz Festival experience. I mean, look --

He shows the gang a t-shirt that reads "I HAS JAZZ".

MARTIN

This isn't even grammatically correct.

SHAGGY

Like, maybe not, but those po'boys sure look digestibly correct!

SCOOBY

Agreed!

The pair hurry off to a po'boy vendor.

FRED

I don't know about you guys, but something feels awfully fishy about this part of the festival.

On stage, MAYOR WHITE, a flamboyant man with a pompadour hairstyle and large, bushy mustache, waves at the crowds.

MAYOR

Afternoon, everyone, I'm Mayor White. Welcome to another day of the New Orleans Jazz Festival, or as I've been trying to get everyone to call it, Jazz-ola in NOLA!

Martin cringes.

MAYOR

We're gonna get things started with a little ditty by Sparkles. Enjoy!

He leaves, allowing SPARKLES, clearly a rock group, take the stage and start to play.

Shaggy and Scooby arrive with their po'boys.

SHAGGY
Hey, like, this is pretty groovy. I
didn't know this was jazz.

MARTIN
It's not.

Martin heads towards the stage.

FRED
Where are you going?

MARTIN
To have a talk with Mayor whatever
his name is.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Behind the stage, MINNIE GOLD, a Black woman with natural
hair and fingers covered in gold rings, storms away from
Mayor White, carrying a trumpet.

MARTIN
You can't call this jazz.

Startled, the Mayor turns.

MAYOR
Hello, there. I'm not sure we've
met. I'm Mayor White.

He reaches out his hand.

MARTIN
Martin. These are the kids, that's
Scooby-Doo.

SCOOBY
Hello.

MAYOR
Mighty fine bunch you've got there,
Martin. Y'all a band?

MARTIN
No.

MAYOR
Good, 'cause I'm not handing out
slots to just anyone... What can I
help you with?

MARTIN

The music you're playing at this
jazz festival isn't jazz.

There's a moment of silence.

MAYOR

Oh. Is that all? [LAUGHS] Truth be
told, I don't know much when it
comes to music - pretty much tone
deaf - but people don't come to
jazz festivals for the music, they
come for the souvenirs and selfies.

He pats Martin on the back and walks off.

MARTIN

What just happened?

VELMA

I've got a hunch the mayor's
motivation for this event's a
little more driven by his wallet
than his love for music. Look.

The Mayor gleefully counts a stack of dollar bills to the
side of the stage.

DAPHNE

Who else has a feeling he's behind
this mystery?

Everybody but Scooby raises their hand. Shaggy swallows a big
bite of his remaining po'boy.

SHAGGY

Scooby...?

SCOOBY

I'm on the fence.

VELMA

That settles it. Tomorrow we pay
Mayor White a surprise visit.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The gang walks in, yawning. Martin leaps up from a couch, ready to go.

MARTIN

What took you kids so long?

VELMA

It's seven in the morning.

MARTIN

Exactly. We're wasting the day away. Let's move out.

SHAGGY

What about breakfast?

Martin grabs a pair of muffins from the breakfast counter and tosses them to Shaggy and Scooby.

MARTIN

There you are. Eat in the van.

Shaggy and Scooby look at their muffins and sigh.

SCOOBY

We're gonna starve.

EXT. GALLIER HALL - LATER

Establishing shot of the beautiful Greek Revival building. The Mystery Machine is parked along the street.

INT. LOBBY OF MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME

Martin and the gang stand around a middle-aged RECEPTIONIST's desk.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, like I told your friend, Mayor White just left.

DAPHNE

Friend?

RECEPTIONIST

Are you not with that trumpet girl? She seemed about your age.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
[OFF LOOKS] Sorry. I can set up an
appointment for you, if you'd like.

VELMA
No thanks, we'll try to catch him
at the festival.

As they head out, Velma catches sight of something through an
open door.

VELMA
Actually, before we go, could you
help my friend, Shaggy?

SHAGGY
Me?

VELMA
You were saying you couldn't find
the bathroom.

SHAGGY
Right. I've really got to --

VELMA
Wash your hands.

SHAGGY
Like, wash my hands. Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh, well it's just down the hall.

VELMA
He's really not good with
directions, you'll have to show
him. If that's not too much
trouble.

RECEPTIONIST
Not at all. Follow me.

SHAGGY
Thanks?

The receptionist leads a very confused Shaggy outside.

DAPHNE
What was that all about?

VELMA
Whistle if she comes back.

DAPHNE
Velma, what's going on?

VELMA
Scooby, come with me.

Velma sneaks through the open door, into an office.

MARTIN
You do this breaking and entering
thing a lot?

FRED
Depends on the mystery.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Velma and Scooby creep around cautiously. The office is
crammed with Jazz Festival merchandise of all shapes and
sizes, advertisements and more.

VELMA
Keep an eye out for anything
suspicious.

SCOOBY
You got it.

Scooby walks along the merchandise and stops at a snow globe
on a shelf. He's completely mesmerized by it. Velma arrives
at the desk and fans out some paperwork.

VELMA
Jinkies.

She fishes out her cell phone and takes some pictures. A
whistle sounds from the other room.

VELMA
Uh oh. Come on, Scooby.

Scooby shakes the snow globe.

VELMA
Put that down! We can't let anybody
know we were here.

SCOOBY
Sorry.

Scooby puts the snow globe back on the shelf, breaking it and causing several snow globes to come crashing to the ground as the entire shelving unit falls to pieces. He tries to scoop it all back up.

VELMA
No time. Leave it.

INT. HALL - MOMENTS LATER

As the receptionist returns, Martin and the gang walk past her.

RECEPTIONIST
Shouldn't you wait for your friend?

VELMA
He'll find us.

A little confused, the receptionist is surprised by the soggy footprints Scooby leaves in his path as they walk off.

EXT. GALLIER HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Martin and the gang huddle around Velma as she shares images from her phone. Shaggy joins them, his hands sparkling clean.

SHAGGY
My hands are super clean, Velma.
Just like you asked.

VELMA
That was only to cause a
distraction.

SHAGGY
Distraction for what?

MARTIN
Velma's found a clue.

VELMA
Mayor White's making money off the
Jazz Festival by signing
merchandising deals with all the
vendors in Jackson Square.

FRED
Which explains why he'd have the
New Orleans Devil drive tourists
there to spend their money.

MARTIN

Let's put a stop to this before it goes any further.

As they leave, the New Orleans Devil peeks out from behind a pillar, watching them.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - LATER

Martin leads the charge as the gang arrives.

MARTIN

Where is he? Where's the mayor?

MINNIE

If you've got a complaint. Get in line.

Minnie sits nearby, trumpet at her side.

DAPHNE

Hey, weren't you arguing with the mayor yesterday?

SHAGGY

Like, you look just as mad as you did then.

MINNIE

I've got plenty reason to be. So far the mayor's bumped me from every day of the festival.

MARTIN

Are you a musician?

MINNIE

Yeah, Minnie Gold. I play the trumpet.

DAPHNE

Why's the mayor not letting you play?

MINNIE

Beats me. My main theory is the dude hates jazz.

MARTIN

I full-heartedly agree. And we've got the proof.

MINNIE
[PERKS UP] You do?

FRED
We found evidence he's profiting off the merchandise here and may be the one behind the New Orleans Devil. Velma's got it all on her phone.

MINNIE
I bet that would get him replaced as the festival organizer pretty quick, huh?

VELMA
I suppose so, but we've got to find him first.

MINNIE
Maybe he's back at his office.

FRED
We were just there and they said he was out.

MINNIE
Weird.

VELMA
Very weird.

DAPHNE
You don't think...?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - LATER

The Mystery Machine drives up the street. Very few tourists walk about, far fewer than in Jackson Square.

INT. MYSTERY MACHINE - DRIVING - SAME

Shaggy and Scooby cook gumbo in the back as Martin and the rest of the gang scan the area in all directions.

SHAGGY
Great idea, guys. Scoob and I have been dying to eat some New Orleans style gumbo.

SCOOBY
Yum, yum, yum, yum.

He licks his lips.

VELMA
You do know you're supposed to be
helping us look for that devil,
right?

SHAGGY
Of course. Scoob and I are, like,
totally glued to this back window.
Potatoes -- er -- eyes peeled!

The duo chuckle. The curtains on the back window are closed.

SCOOBY
I don't get it.

A trumpet sounds.

MARTIN
Did you hear that?

VELMA
I did. And it's getting louder.

DAPHNE
I think it's coming from behind us.

FRED
What do you guys see back there?

They all turn around towards Shaggy and Scooby, as the two
sip spoonfuls of gumbo.

SHAGGY
Huh?

VELMA
I thought you had your eyes peeled?

SHAGGY
Oh. Right. Scoob?

Scooby opens the curtains to reveal the New Orleans Devil
right outside the van. It plays some jazz tunes on the
trumpet.

FRED
Run!

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - CONTINUOUS

Martin and the gang hurriedly flee the van. The New Orleans Devil gives chase.

EXT. PONTALBA BUILDINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Martin and the gang are chased by the New Orleans Devil in the classic "hallway chase" style, entering and exiting doors on the ground floor and balconies of the two red brick buildings across the street from each other.

Shaggy and Scooby slide across a wire to the opposite balcony to join Martin and the rest of the gang, leaving the New Orleans Devil on the other side.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - MOMENTS LATER

The New Orleans Devil scares tourists out of its way as it looks for its prey.

MARTIN

Look out! Coming through!

Martin and the gang parade through the street with other PERFORMERS, disguised as members of a brass band. They all blare their instruments in the New Orleans Devil's face. After they've passed, the devil turns and spots Scooby's tail poking out of his outfit.

As Scooby marches, his outfit is gradually slid off him. He turns to see the New Orleans Devil holding it.

SCOOBY

Yikes!

He runs, causing Martin and the gang to ditch their instruments and do the same.

EXT. SAINT LOUIS CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Martin and the gang run past the above-ground vaults.

SHAGGY

Why did we run into a cemetery?
[NERVOUS LAUGH]

They split up and spread out throughout the maze of vaults. The New Orleans Devil has a hard time knowing who to chase until it spots Velma and heads straight for her.

VELMA

Help!

As it nears her, it takes a swipe, sending her to the ground.
Her glasses fly off.

VELMA

My glasses!

She fumbles around for them. A big blur looms over her.

VELMA

Stay back, you!

She swings a fist at it, but it grabs her by the wrist and
hands her back her glasses. Putting them on, she discovers
it's Kamasi.

VELMA

Mr. Washington? What are you doing
out here?

KAMASI

I was paying my respects and heard
you kids screaming.

Martin and the rest of the gang arrive.

FRED

Velma, are you all right?

VELMA

I think so.

She checks her pocket.

VELMA

But the devil stole my phone!

SHAGGY

That's funny, I thought it was only
aliens who needed to phone home.
[LAUGHS]

The gang groans at the "joke".

DAPHNE

There goes our evidence...

KAMASI

You kids found a clue?

VELMA

We did, but it's gone now.

MARTIN

How'd the mayor even know you had it?

KAMASI

The mayor?

FRED

We're pretty sure he's the one behind this.

KAMASI

Oh boy, then do I have something to show you. Come with me.

They follow him.

SHAGGY

Maybe that devious devil just wants to call an old flame? [LAUGHS]

Scooby puts a hand on Shaggy's shoulder.

SCOOBY

Just stop.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Kamasi flips a switch, illuminating a storage facility of Mardi Gras floats.

KAMASI
It's over here.

As they follow him through, Shaggy and Scooby are spooked by a giant jester head.

SHAGGY
[LAUGHS] Wait a sec.

Shaggy puts the head on.

SHAGGY
It's just a costume.

SCOOBY
Oh. [LAUGHS]

Kamasi leads them to a "Jazz-ola" float, an incredibly cheesy insult to jazz, covered in merchandise. Massive speakers rest on each of its corners.

KAMASI
I was helping in here the other day
when I saw this. It's the mayor's
official float.

MARTIN
It's disgusting.

DAPHNE
Look at all that merchandise.

SHAGGY
Like, check this out!

Shaggy grabs a t-shirt cannon off the float.

SHAGGY
Go long, Scoob!

Scooby takes off like a running back as Shaggy fires off a t-shirt. Scooby makes a diving leap to catch it, landing at the feet of the mayor.

MAYOR
What's going on here?

He snatches the shirt away from Scooby.

MAYOR

And why are you stealing
merchandise from this city's float?

MARTIN

This float is not what this city is
all about.

MAYOR

You're ill-informed, my friend.
This city thrives on tourists.
Tourists that spend money. And what
better way to get that money than
with limited edition Mardi Gras
merchandise.

He unravels the shirt, revealing it to read "I LEFT MY BOSS
AT MARDI GRAS"

VELMA

That's not how you pronounce Mardi
Gras.

MAYOR

It's not?

SCOOBY

Even I knew that.

MAYOR

I -- uh -- I won't stand for this!
You've ruined enough of my things
and shouldn't be in here. Everybody
out!

The Mayor aggressively shoos them off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Mayor slams the door shut on Kamasi, Martin and the gang.

KAMASI

Sorry, kids.

VELMA

Don't be. I think that gave us all
the evidence we need.

MARTIN

It did?

VELMA
It did. But we'll have to make a
quick stop at the hotel first.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Martin and the gang wait anxiously for Velma's return.

MARTIN
What is she doing?

DAPHNE
Who knows...

FRED
I've learned not to ask questions.

Velma exits the elevator with a tablet computer.

VELMA
Ready.

MARTIN
What are you going to do with that?

VELMA
Catch the devil. [THEN] Shaggy,
Scooby, is there any of your gumbo
left?

SHAGGY
Yeah, did you want some?

VELMA
I need the whole pot.

SCOOBY
[GASPS] All of it?

VELMA
Sorry, Scooby. I'll also need you,
Shaggy and Mr. Freeman to be our
bait.

MARTIN
Excuse me?

SCOOBY
No way.

SHAGGY
Not gonna happen, Velma.

MARTIN
Agreed. This sounds dangerous.

Daphne pulls out a box of Scooby Snacks.

DAPHNE
Would you do it for a Scooby Snack?

MARTIN
A what?

Shaggy and Scooby excitedly nod.

	SHAGGY		SCOOBY
Okay.		Sure.	

MARTIN
You must be joking.

Daphne tosses the pair a couple of Scooby Snacks.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - LATER

Martin, Shaggy and Scooby play together as a small brass band. Martin stops.

MARTIN
I don't see how this is going to
work.

SHAGGY
Just keep playing.

MARTIN
All right. All right.

Martin gets back into it. The group's sound is suddenly joined by a trumpet.

MARTIN
You know what, we actually sound
pretty good. Who's on trumpet?

Shaggy and Scooby stop playing. The trumpet continues. They look behind and see the New Orleans Devil. It scares them and the trio hurriedly escape.

Even in pursuit, the New Orleans Devil continues to play the trumpet.

Running through an intersection, the Mystery Machine joins the chase. Daphne opens the door and helps the three inside.

The devil doesn't stop chasing them, but when it suddenly starts playing a new genre of music, then another, and then another, it grows increasingly confused. While it's distracted, the back of the Mystery Machine opens up.

SHAGGY

I can't do it. [SNIFFLES]

SCOOBY

It's okay, Shaggy.

He lovingly pats Shaggy.

MARTIN

Stop that devil and I'll buy you
all the gumbo you want after this!

Shaggy and Scooby snap out of it and dump their pot of gumbo out the back of the van. The New Orleans devil slips in it, sliding uncontrollably down the street. The Mystery Machine turns down a side street and the devil continues sliding forward. The devil plows directly into a net strung across the road, trapping it like a bug in a spider's web.

CUT TO:

LATER

Kamasi, Martin and the gang are joined by OFFICERS and interested tourists, as they stand around the entangled New Orleans Devil.

KAMASI

Excellent work, but who is it?

Velma looks at the fourth wall (AKA the viewer at home).

VELMA

Do you know?

REVEAL: She's actually directing the comment at Martin.

MARTIN

Me? Velma, again, I appreciate the confidence, but really, I only solve crimes on television.

FRED

There's only one person it can be...

Fred removes the devil's mask, revealing Mayor White.

EVERYBODY
Mayor White!

MARTIN
That makes sense, but he knows
nothing about jazz. How did he play
the trumpet so well?

VELMA
I wasn't quite sure either, until
Mr. Washington took us to the
parade warehouse and I saw the
speakers on the edge of his float.

She presses something on her tablet and the trumpet starts
playing music.

SHAGGY
Zoinks! Ghost trumpet!

VELMA
No, a bluetooth speaker carefully
hidden inside the horn, so it would
appear like he was playing when he
really wasn't playing at all.

MINNIE
I can't believe it!

Minnie marches out of the crowd, trumpet in hand.

MINNIE
That's my music! [TO MAYOR] You
wouldn't let me play because you
didn't want people to realize it
was the same stuff you were using
for your ridiculous scheme!

MAYOR
Fine. It's true. I wanted to drive
business to a new festival with a
wider appeal that would bring the
city - and me - a ton of cash. Is
that so wrong?

EVERYBODY
Yes!

MAYOR
Sheesh. I bet you're all glad I
didn't get away with it because of
these meddling kids, too...

EVERYBODY

We are!

MAYOR

Wow. Tough crowd.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

The gang walks with Martin down the busy street, packed with happy tourists. Shaggy and Scooby sip from bowls of gumbo. Music flows out of every venue.

MARTIN

This is more like it.

SHAGGY

I'll say.

Shaggy and Scooby finish off the bowls.

SHAGGY

Money please.

Martin sighs as he pulls out his wallet. Shaggy and Scooby snatch it from him and run off.

MARTIN

I had no idea those two could eat so much gumbo.

FRED

They're not even allowed in most all-you-can-eat buffets.

MARTIN

I suppose it's worth it. Kamasi's club is busy again, as are all the others in the French Quarter.

VELMA

And I hear Minnie's headlining tonight.

DAPHNE

Then we better hurry!

FRED

Shaggy, Scooby, let's go!

SHAGGY (O.S.)

Coming!

REVEAL: Shaggy and Scooby drag a massive pot of gumbo out of a restaurant.

 DAPHNE
What are you doing?

 SHAGGY
The chef said it'd be easier if we
took the whole thing.

 MARTIN
What did that cost?

 SCOOBY
It wasn't cheap.

 SHAGGY
But it sure is delicious!

Shaggy and Scooby dunk their heads into the pot. Martin lowers his head, massaging his temple in frustration.

 MARTIN
Oh boy...

Scooby pops his head up, sopping with gumbo. He licks his face clean.

 SCOOBY
Scooby-Dooby-Doo!

END OF SHOW